An Investigation by Detective Cronkite, Beginning in a Typewritten Sheet of Paper.

The news gradually sifted through the Aeria! Building, despite the guarded atti-tude of the employees. Before the first morning rush of lads and young women was over it was known that the body of Thomas Knott, a tenant on the fifteenth floor, had been found at the bottom of the elevator shaft. The car of that shaft had very little to do for the rest of the day.

The dead man had not employed a clerk and it was difficult for gossip to place him. Detached recollections here and there however, combined to give him form and

Nice looking little chap with blue eyes and yellow mustache; and such red, red cheeks! Stylish, too, though down on his luck. He didn't have an overcoat last

"I used to hear him thumping away on his machine in that dark little room opening on the well, first thing in the morning and last thing at night. He picked up a book for me once that I dropped, and took off his hat like a gent. Must have scoffed hisself all right, all right."

So the rank and file compared notes and then hurried to work, important and gratijied through an odd sense of kinship with the dead man.

When Judge Josiah Marcellus leisurely brought up the rear of the dignified and epulent 10 o'clock contingent, the starter on the ground floor changed his tactics. He drew the eminent jurist aside and imparted the fullest particulars.

"He must 'ave went crazy up there all by his lonelies, Judge," he said. "Why, it would take the strengt' of a giant to wrench open the door into the shaft.

'Couldn't stand the racket, is my verdict Nothin' comin' in but trouble, and that

"He slep' up there in that seven by sixteen closet, Judge; it useter give me a neryous chill to collect the rent for it. I swear it did; slep' on a broken down lounge that would make a packing box seem luxur'us. He et there, too, many's the time I've seen him chasin' up a mug of milk bluer'n

"He gev' his luck a good fight; but last night it downed him. The coroner pro nounced it suicide at fust glance. remains-a proper word for them, siris on the way to the Morgue. The office is for rent ag'in; takes nerve, don't it, to own reel estate?"

"Dear, dear," remarked the Judge with a sort of absent sympathy, "here to-day and gone to-morrow. What did you say he did for a living, or for lack of one?"

Some kind of law work, sir, I believe. Briefin'. I think he called it. He'd be out in the lib'ries all day, and then at his typewriter all night-that is, when he wasn' walkin' the floor till the order kem in."

A look of consternation clouded the Judge's face. "His name?" he demanded. You haven't told me yet----

"Thomas Knott, sir; at least that's-The starter stopped short in his qualification with a gasp of astonishment, for the Judge with almost unseemly haste made for the nearest elevator car.

"Cronkite," he panted as he hurried into his private office, "have you done anything as yet with that letter from Helpham & Hill laid on your desk?"

"Only this moment came across it, sir." Well, be so good as to read it aloud. I want to refresh my memory."

DEAR JUDGE MARCELLUS: Recalling the clever work of that confidential man of yours in the elucidation of mystery under your wise direction, we desire to place the following

matter in your hands.

An esteemed client of ours, a lady, while in consultation at the office a few days ago happened to glance at a pile of typewritten manuscript. It was an exceedingly laborious and tedious digest of an obscure phase of the English ecclesiastical law, naturally enough ig-nored by current works, which we had obtained pany. We enclose specimen sheet of same.

writing of this digest had been done by a person in whom she takes a deep interest, and sorrow to her. We argued against such a conviction as farfetched and fanciful, since all typewriting looks alike to us; but she became insistent that we promised to find the writer for her.

The briefing company, located in your city, has gone out of existence; its manager, driven by debt, has gone to parts unknown.

funct concern at the top of the enclosed sheet will help you in coming into touch with some one of the former employees. The initials, too, in the upper right corner may serve for dentification. This is all the light we can furnish; acknowledging with regret that it is

"'Farfetched and fanciful'; 'weak and scant'-I should say so," mused the Judge. Were it not for the initials, I would fire it

"The initials," repeated Cronkite. "It might be so," agreed the Judge grudg-

ingly. "There is nothing else."
"I don't know about that, sir. Habits formed in typewriting are sometimes reealing. For instance, this writer, you see, invariably spaces five times before beginning a paragraph and three times be-

"He uses a semicolon frequently and understandingly, where a mere copyist would use a comma. Such a use, sir, shows echnical intelligence; the writer was capale of making a brief, and presumably made this laborious and tedious digest.

"It is unnecessary to mention to you the inferences as to his education and misfortunes. But what is more important, sir, than these isolated habits is the general style that each typewriter insensibly and inevitably acquires.

"Look crosswise over that sheet and see if you don't observe that the print is heavier in one place and lighter in another. This is due to the difference in force with which the keys are struck; a difference which varies so much with each writer as to become an individualism, an idiosyncrasy; a difference which, especially in the case of a writer of musical taste or education, may become rhythmical, having regular rises and falls, as I maintain are apparent in this specimen.

A difference, sir—"

"Oh, don't refine any further, Abe, for Heaven's sake!" cried the Judge despairingly. "If you think you can detect the writer by the writing, that's all I want to know. Ask the agent to let you into Knott's office, and see what you can learn by your

orderly pile of manuscript still lying at who had come to so untimely a fate, was of the lamp.

men page. He then proceeded to scrutithe little office, even groping on hands

and knees in his zeal. Nor was this search fruitless, for he fished out from under the lounge a small object evidently wafted there by the draught from the open window. One glance at it and he was telephoning hurriedly to the Morgue, the Coroner, the Newgrove Crematory.

"So you came out here to find a reason for what you think happened there?" said Lawyer Helpham dubiously.

"I try the longer way, sir, when I find the shorter way blocked," replied Cronkite. "But it seems incredible-"Nothing is incredible to the stupidity

or indifference of our average public official sir. Having pronounced the case one of suicide, our Coroner saw no need of police "So when Mr. Gustavus Briare asked for

an order for the body, stating that he had been on friendly terms with the young man and would save him from the disgrace of potter's field, he gave it to him at once, nor did he see any possible reason for delay when Briare avowed his preference for

What there was left of Thomas Knott was a little jar of ashes before I had time to act; but if there had been time, what could

"I don't know," admitted the lawyer Neither charity nor cremation is necessarily a cloak for crime. But why, then, were your suspicions aroused?'

with a bang, and a fierce looking old lady stood in the office.

you found your quarry?" "Not yet, Mrs. Neames, though the inquiry is progressing satisfactorily. If you would only be a little more frank with

to ask whether you have found any decent man to do that cataloguing for me.

Mr. Helpham took a diver's breath. "I was just negotiating with him now, ne replied. "Mr Cronkite is a competent, worthy man out of employment and glad to find a home in town. I recommend him unreservedly.

"You look as if you would keep you eyes open and your mouth shut," reflected rs. Neames. "I'll try you."

"When?" asked Cronkite.

if discarding the burden of possible conse-A silent drive in an old fashioned carriage brought Cronkite to a large but somewhat

decayed house surrounded by extensive grounds on the verge of the town. With an imperious gesture, Mrs. Neames led the way through a broad central corridor to a library in the rear, in which thousands of volumes were disorderedly stored. "Your meals will be sent to you. You will

say, eight hours a day, and you will be progressing satisfactorily, as Mr. Helpham With a smile and a courtesy, alike

Cronkite walked over to the desk which typewriting machine. On the side lay

a pile of manuscript covered with dust. Cronkite picked up the topmost sheet Even in the half light he could discern in in the specimen submitted by Mr. Helpham, the specimen which he firmly believed

Thomas Knott had written. There could not well be a more unimagina tive looking man than Cronkite. Meditation and repression had combined to give his face a stolid cast. And yet as he gazed on the evidence that one who was now even less than the dust that covered the

he stood intent, alert, exalted. Then as if to a word of command he crossed over to the middle bookcase. He opened the drawer beneath the shelves. He drew out from a jumble of odds and ends a sheet of heavy brown paper, all rumpled as if thrust there by a harsh, cruel

ing young woman; fair haired, blue eyed, with pink and white complexion. With a start, Cronkite came back to his normal self, recognizing the instinctive power which once and again, at odd times, unsummoned and unsummonable, had rewarded his in-

Yes, there could be no doubt of it. The inference he had drawn from the false mustache of light, flowing hair brushed off in a deadly struggle and wafted by the draught under the old lounge, there to

Why had she been constrained to leave such peaceful surroundings so abruptly that her work still awaited her return, as if she had just stepped out?

dered her in such a way as to give the impression of suicide?

came both swiftly and unexpectedly. and Cronkite, having eaten his solitary dinner and written his notes, went philosophically to bed and asleep in the cosey

room adjoining. A line of light over the threshold roused him. He noiselessly slipped into his clothes and swung the door partly open, shielding himself behind it and peering through

The lamp was lighted, and up and down the floor, with a certain tragic stateliness Mrs. Neames was pacing, her hands twist ing and picking, the brusqueness washed

against the wall, but the emotions, re-Cronkite's confounded system soon satis-fied him, after a close examination of the gloomy cases and placed the rumpled the side of the desk, that Thomas Knott, crayon sketch on the table in the glow

sketch in her trembling grasp; she held it to the light; she pressed it to her bosom, fondling it, soothing it with disjected word and fragmentary phrase, as significant to the listening detective as even they could be to And Gets in a Few Good Shots at her distracted heart.

Inscrutability is often a trait of the de tached and solitary. Mr. Gustavus Briare had many acquaintances, but no friends Not one of the acquaintances who knew him as a wealthy old widower, precise of manner, methodical of life, had he thought of such a thing, would have attributed the slightest tinge of taste, emotion or passion to him. And yet a little spark may glow and spread unsuspected within a barred and shuttered house until suddenly the whole

structure is enwrapped in flame. So close a student of human passions as Abe Cronkite, therefore, was not dismayed by Mr. Briare's reserve. Rather he welcomed it as a defence which if undermined and shocked might fall and crush the one it should protect. This much Cronkite had learned both from

what he saw and overheard in Mrs. Neames's house. Gustavus Briare was her brotherin-law; she was his deceased wife's sister. Many had thought that they would narry. Many others, knowing how oddly

widow's rugged nature was seamed both dogma and unconventionality membering how flercely she had inveighed against any such marriages and yet how ardent and open had been her expressions of regard for Briare, had shrugged their shoulders when he coninued visiting there.

Perhaps these visits had not bee single in purpose as gossips suspected and Mrs. Neames believed. Certain it was that Gustavus Briare spent much of his time in the library, where Adele Weir, Mrs. Neames's companion, daughter of her dearest friend and treated virtually as an adopted child, was happy at congenial

There he could indulge his taste for usic at the old fashioned piano. There he set up an easel and dabbled with crayons, water colors and oils. And from there Adele had precipitately fled one night out into the unknown, leaving her mistress and almost mother vaguely remorseful.

Not a pretty outline, but Cronkite believed the full facts were deeper and darker. He therefore contrived through Mrs. Neames's influence to secure the task of also cataloguing Mr. Briare's library at his house in town.

Quiet, monotonous work at first amid the solitary shadows of the book lined room. Then Cronkite made a discovery-a stack of typewritten manuscript on one of the lower shelves, nothing more important than a brief on some curious law point. but on each sheet he noted the peculiarities which had marked Thomas Knott's writing. and at the top of each sheet were the initials

Moreover, the manuscript, while neatly arranged and set in place, showed signs of having been rumpled in an iron grasp-the surprised, agitated, exultant grasp of Gustavue Briare when he had recognized the clue which must surely lead him to the girl for whom his desire had been so intense, for whom his hatred was now so deadly!

There could be no doubt of it. The side door of the Aerial Building had been left open that night. It had been possible for one to enter unobserved, to climb the unused stairs to the fifteenth floor; to attack, to strangle the unprotected girl, to cast her body down the elevator shaft, to sneak down the stairs and out into the dark.

A man answering Briare's description had been seen loitering near by; Briare's statement to the Coroner of friendship with the recluse, Thomas Knott, was palpably false. There could be no doubt of it, he was the murderer.

Nevertheless, proof was lacking. Who, who could supply it? Who, indeed, but the Gustavus Briare himself! Cronkite thought, and Cronkite acted

He had scarce finished his preparations when Briare entered the library. "I found these sketches among a lot of old papers, sir," the detective said; "per-

haps there are some you would wish to preserve " Gustavus Briare sat at the desk, findng a sort of reminiscent pleasure in turning over the crayon sketches of forgotten days; reviving with each one at least a shade of the interest it had inspired. A well preserved man, of dignity and arlomb.

it was a pleasure, in turn, for Cronkite, for any one, to watch, to study the bearing, the conduct, of so typical a specimen of God's noblest work. Here was the distant azure of mountains here was the verdure of field and wood. Here, ah, God, what, what was here? So grotesque, so terrible, so absolutely damning in its combination of what was known

and what was hid-the crayon sketch which he had made of Adele Weir; and, adjusted over its red lips, the false mustache of light, flowing hair which Thomas Knott had worn that night—that night!
"Thou art the man——"began Abe

Cronkite, and then stopped appalled.

No need now of accusation, confession, arrest. The awful sweep of mental conviction had done its work. That crouching wretch, with eyes devoid of reason and mouth devoid of speech, clutching and tearing at collar, at throat, with a strangler's grasp, insanely seeking his own life, as he had ferociously taken the life of poor Adele Weir, was already punished

AN INGENIOUS DRUMMER.

How the Agent for an Engine Worked Up a Big Business His name is Barnes. Until recently he

vas a mechanic. Now he is a travelling salesman of distinctly novel variety. He lives in the prairie section of the middle West and when gasolene engines began to approach their present practicability decided that they were bound to replace windmills for farm purposes. In

this belief he secured an agency for the one he considered best, procured a sample and set it up on an ordinary farm wagon, from which he removed the pole. By a few simple connections he arranged his wagon to steer from inside the body, according to Spare Moments. One shaft with some sprocket wheels and chain made

all the mechanism necessary in order for the engine to drive his combination at the rate of six miles an hour. rate of six miles an hour.

He carries a pump jack and a small assortment of small pulleys, so arranged as to be capable of attachment to churns, washing machines and the like. His outfit attracts attention and makes talk, all of which has advertising value; while when he pulls into a farmer's yard he can show his prospective customer just what the machine will do.

a farmer's yard he can show his prospective customer just what the machine will do. As a result he sells more engines than all other agencies in his territory; and as he carries his office in his pocket his territory "Perfectly indecent, I call it. And I told James so the minute I heard of it, and what in the wide world do you suppose he had the amazing impudence to reply to me? "He said that, in his opinion, no doctrine that, like Buddhism, numbered three or Woolly Worm Prophecy four hundreds of millions of human beings

From the Indianapolis News.
Forecasting the winter from the popular belief regarding the woolly worm, the coldest and the severest weather will prevail during the first part of the season for a month or more, followed by a corresponding or even longer period of open, comparatively mild winter weather, then to close with a short spell of cold, hard winter.

AARS. RUBBERINO

"Did you read in the papers of the robbery in the Takeachance flat on the fourth floor here?" inquired Mrs. Rubberino of her caller. "No? Well, it's a good thing you iidn't. You'd have killed yourself laugh-

culvert arches or tunnel entrances, and uses so much enamel that she's afraid to smile for fear that her face will crack wide open, and that thinks all the young men are crazy in love with her? Oh, you know who I mean; the old dowdy that you thought was making eyes at your husband when you lived here. Oh, I thought you'd remember her-not that I ever really thought that your husband did actually take any stock in her, though he often

my grandmother's cameo earrings used to suspicions were ever-er-exactly correct look, and that's all. The papers said that her emerald and diamond brooch that was stolen was worth \$1,500. I saw an imitation emerald and diamond brooch in the window of one of those imitation jewelry stores on Broadway for \$4.50. Do you know I just hankered to buy that \$4.50 brooch and ing up her hair for the past five or six months fetch it home and show it to her, and force her to fetch hers out and let the two be placed side by side, but I didn't have the money with me that day. I'd love to've

tainly got beautifully fooled. But I don't "My dear, there's quite a black blotch really believe that she was robbed at all. alongside of your left eye. Let me see what Sh-sh! Don't ever breathe a word of it, but you knowshe's always playing the stock mar-

"These warm, unseasonable days, you know, one does perspire so. One can't be too careful to-er -- Oh, you're letting your hair come back to its natural color, aren't you, dear? I noticed how dark and muddy the roots look at the back.

"Well, I think your natural hair be you more, though of course you can't expect it ever to come back to its real color, hoity-toity, you should have heard the like it used to be, again. Oh, I see you've got another porcelain eye tooth put in. Real nice work, too-let me see-only, my dear, don't you think it's just a bit too he ups and defends every living, breathing unnaturally white to match your other

> joyed your visit so much. Well, good-by. overloved to have had you. Good-by!

Huh! The madeup creature! I guess that those Buyahome people in the ground that'll hold her for a while! And I'll bet what I said about those stingy Buyahomes enough to take in their own washing, but, stabbed her. Didn't the stingy thing refuse to lend me her opera cloak one night the janitor's wife told me this very living last winter by saying that it was at the

That's one good thing."

QUEER THINGS IN KERRY. Lord Kenmare and the Land Question

way from the land question, writes Sidney Brooks in Harper's Weekly. The great tor's wife washes the dinner dishes for them landed proprietor of the neighborhood is Lord Kenmare, who owns an estate of dressing room there was Buyahome, sitting

some 150,000 acres. tiating through four priests-with a view to the sale and purchase of the estate under the Wyndham act. Both sides are anxious

them, in point of money, is very small. But money is not the only thing that counts in these matters. There are four or five evicted tenants on the Kenmare estate. and their position has to be settled before a sale can take place. The case

He rented a town farm at an annual rental of something less than \$1,000 a year, fell behind in his rent and was finally evicted. In Kerry and probably throughout all Ireland a farm from which a tenant has been evicted must be worked by the landlord or not at all. No one else will look at it, and a man who had the hardihood to take it would

be shot or boycotted within a week. Lord Kenmare has offered to reinstate this and the other evicted tenants on his estate on receipt of one year's rent in discharge of all arrears. The Estates Commissioners have found themselves legally unable to ratify the arrangement and the

transaction therefore still hangs fire. Lord Kenmare is the head of one of the oldest Catholic families in Ireland. He is also Lord Lieutenant of the county, and as such has the privilege of advising the Lord

the magisterial bench. I heard it said more than once in the district that if he would only nominate so and so to the bench the sale would quickly go through. I also found it a matter of common gossip that the evicted tenant have alluded to, a "master" of the first water, intends when reinstated to sell his

Dunrayen and the other by a local justice of the peace. I have gone over both of them in a crescendo of wonderment, asking myself repeatedly whether I was in Kerry

without anybody finding it out she'd have done it without a moment's compunction; For, thanks to the Guif Stream, these two islands, on which thirty or forty years ago not a single tree was to be found, and which were mainly bog and moor, have been turned into semitropical paradises. Tree ferns grow there in the open air, palms, bamboo and eucalyptus flourish there as though on their native soil, and many plants and shrubs from Australia and New Zealand do better. I am told, in these islands than "'This is a 3-D,' went on the clerk, 'and I think it'll just fit-it's the same size as "And she'd been telling everybody, you remember, about how her size was 1-C. She was so venomous about it that she demanded the clerk to put on her old shoes

> nearby, has, I am told, made even more of it than Lord Dunraven and his neighbor have made of their islands; but that is something I find very difficult to believe. In any case I have seen enough to rob the talk of growing tobacco and planting tea in Kerry of all its seeming wildness.

TALL CHIMNEYS. Two in Scotland More Than 400 Feet High, and a Leaning Stack.

The highest chinney in England is that at Barlow & Dobson's mill at Bolton. It is 368 feet in height and the material used in its construction was 800,000 bricks and 122 tons of stone.

you think she is doing now?-and she the ing such shafts than one a third of their

height, though the vibration is much greater and more serious at times.

All chimneys vibrate, says Horper's Weckly, especially in a gale; it is a condition of their safety, but the oscillation at the top is a serious matter for any one at work there during a high wind, and the interest of the condition of their safety.

postponed to a calmer day.

Lancashire also boasts one of the crookedest chimneys in the world—a shaft at Brook
Mill, Heywood—which is nearly 200 feet
high and more than six feet out of plumb,
It has been belted with iron bands and is
considered safe. James doesn't stop at anything nowadays, "And, then, he had the nerve to ask me if Mrs. Wantathink had made any criticisms

CPLIT FINNEY WONDERS WHY THEY DO IT

Will Some One Please Explain Why Men With Money Try to Break Their Necks?

Split Finney, the cheap field tout, was in wondering humor the other evening.

"A sheet writer pal of mine went down to Bennings, in Washington, last week to work for a deadline layer while that three day jumping meeting was on." said Split. "They called it the meeting of the United Hunts Steeplechase Association, or some such gag, and the riders were all gent equestrians in pinky winky coats or in regular jock colors. Only the toffs and nobs had the leg up on the hoppers.

"My pal that was down there and saw it all told me that it was sadder than looking at 'More to Be Pitied Than Censured, when you've got nine beers in you, to see these Mister riders getting tossed all over the autumn grass by their mounts and rolled on and kicked in the teeth and dragged around and jammed into the fence and the wings of the jumps and hauled through the water hop and landed on the top of prickly hedges.

"The toffy boys could ride at that, being about the same gent riders that spin around on the New York tracks in the timber sprints But the things that happened to them were the things that happen to all hands whether they're tads of toffs. Misters or just Jims and Bills that weigh in for these hopping scrambles.

"The thing is, what for? I'm not blowing the question at the gitappers who drag plugs over hedges to make a living, the ones that never get the Mister thing pushed in front of their monakers on the jock board. Riding 'em over the sticks is their end of it. That's how they get by. It's their work. They're out for the soup change, like the rest of the bunch that are not born with the buttons to push, and the only way they know how to try to get anything is to steer four propped hoppers

over things sticking out of the grass. "There was a Mister rider going over the pickets in those hop sprints at Bennings last week who's going to have the price of about fifteen million ein-buck pewter watches some day, and even now, before he's due for the big tearoff, he's got so much of the buying junk around his clothes that he moans and mutters in his sleep because he can't begin to chuck it in. I've often seen this one club something from his own shed over the sticks on the New York tracks. He can ride. He's there with it. He's pretty near as good a ride as some Yannigan of a sure enough jump-ing jock that has to do it for a living.

ing jock that has to do it for a living.

"And every time that I see this clean looking young Mister boy parade his hopping poodle down the track and into the field grass I'm there with a layout of question marks of assorted sizes inside of me that makes me forget to keep a lamp out for live ones for quite a little while. All the change that he can conveniently carry in his dungarees without turning turtle and rolling over on his back like a wogglebug, and fifteen million of those big rolled silver frijoles right in sight—and there's silver frijoles right in sight—and there's the Mister with all of this astraddle of a crazy, wrong-headed thing with a mane and four hard hoofs, a thing with only one idea in his conk; and all that the thing with mane and the one idea has got to do is to take off about two feet too far forward, or forget to clear a board by about an eighth of an inch, or slip when he hits the other side, and then the Mister with all of the goodies that were pickled and preserved and put away for him before he was born is just as liable as not to be greased over the Big liable as not to be greased over the Big Divide without ever fluttering back to life long enough to ask for a cigaroot. "Show me! And all the time, instead of bobbing around in that foolish little parade

on the way to the jumps, he could be up in a box on the club stand listening to the flutes and the flageolets wailing the googoo music and unreeling the winsome steam into the ear of something winner looking of his pocket change down on something he'd heard about in the timber sprint to make him feel like watching 'em sail over, and the infield grass a-waving in the breezes, Alewyn, and a foot high beaker of the

and —

"Say, that'd be me—in the box!

"Bo, as long as I've got a two piastre shinplaster in the kick or in sight I'm going to be as busy ducking trouble as a one armed paperhanger with the hives. And a-riding horseback over heaped up brush and puddles and things is trouble all the way from canapé to coffee, or I don't know the difference between a saddle cloth and a slate pencil.

know the difference between a saddle cloth and a slate pencil.

"Whenever I see those Mister boys with bankbundles that eight Esquimau dogs couldn't pull on a sledge—when I see 'em bouncing along over the stilts in these lepper events, I wonder what it 'd look like to see the president of a trust company working in the North River tunnel for \$1.80 a day. And it's about the same thing. The Mister lads don't have to do that riding work, but neither does old Fattsky with the dough sacks have to take a chance on

the dough sacks have to take a chance on getting the tunnel bends. "It's the same, at that, with these kale "It's the same, at that, with these kale wrapped nobs that go'in for gas carts that only hit the ground every once in a while. I could never handicap what for in their case, either. They've got a chance to sit down and blow smoke rings at the lace curtains from the time they get up in the morning till their man hands 'em their nightie.

morning till their man hands 'em their nightie.

Whenever they feel like touching a button for anything they think they need or want, somebody comes panting to 'em and stakes 'em. They've got the whole gag sewed up with a sailmaker's needle and put away on ice. Nothing makes any difference to 'em. Room rent is something they never heard of. The eats is only a case of what they feel like having, not what they've got the junk to pay for. They never heard of a down-and-outer having to ink his hat brim so's to go out on the street his hat brim so's to go out on the street and put up a front and look merry. They wouldn't know a hard wallop if they saw it hiking down the street with a tag tacked on it. All they've got to do is to live, and loll, and loaf, and open the world up like

a Baltimore dings with an oyster knife.

"But they want to crawl into the entrails of an old thing that looks like a West Indian centipede in a bunch of bananas, and shoot along the pike or the sandy beach at the clip of a straight mile in nothing.

The blue prints, pal-1 gotta
flash before I can see what for.

"They're going up in the air in big gas bags, too, a whole lot o' these Misters that've got so much to live for that it makes a got so much to live for that it makes a smudge like me lonesome to think about it. Climbing into a basket, and getting 'emselves yanked off the ground that feeds 'em, and getting themselves banged against chimneys and steeples, and dragged through mucky swamps, and dumped into the cold, wet sea, and lodging in slippery elm trees or cact is beds—I gotta have a pinny-pinny peek at a working godel of the what for the peek at a working model of the what for of this, too, before I'll ever know how to ge

this, too, before I've ever know now to get the right kind of dope on it.

"Was reading, too, a while back that a bunch of nine or ten of the Misters, all of 'em with enough of the papers to carpet Riverside Drive, are going off pretty soon now to hunt lions and tigers and bugs of that bind in Africa. I never hunted any lions. now to hunt lions and tigers and bugs of that kind in Africa. I never hunted any lions. Perce, because I never lost any. But I'd rather hunt for the button button who's got it any old time. The lion thing sounds like working to me. The way I read it, these nine or ten Misters with the kale to throw on the gaslogs are going to land somewhere on the coast of east Africa, and then they're going to hire four or five hundred boogs, and then they're going to hof it 2,987 miles through the jungle to the hoof it 2,987 miles through the jungle to the Falls of Zambesi or some such water like that, and then they're going to turn south and hike 1,359 more miles to the Aruwimi River, which flows by the Mountains of the Moon, and there, after climbing on top of the plateau, which is only 19,876 feet high, they'll come to a spot where they can see

the lions munching on the bones of some Zulus that forget to move quick enough; and then they're going to begin to hunt.

"They can have it.

"And all the time that they're nudging through the jungle. Bo, you want to remember that they could be sitting in the windo s of their clubs on the avenue in little old York town, inhaling suds out of Bohemian glassware and watching the live ones with the feather collarettes flit down the street, and they could lean up against the wood fire and give the hoot to the snow sifting down on me an you trudging by outside on our way

I'd get it out of my system by buying a pop-gun and gliding over to the Orange Moun-tains and looking around for a chipmunk or two—but the Falls of Zambesi and Lake two—but the Falls of Zambesi and Lake.
Victoria Nyanza and the 9,000 mile walk
thing through the dank and dripping woods
piking around for the same kind of lions
that anybody can get a peek at in the Bronx
Zoo right here in the little old town where
it all is?

"Nix, nix, Maysie, this is my busy day, and
I told you not to wake me up till next Tuesday week!

"The per looking for anybody to ever till."

"A trifling discrepancy in conditions, sir,

began Cronkite refuctantly, "which I hardly The door opened with a snap and closed

"Well, Helpham," she demanded; "have

"God 'a' mercy, I've told you what I want, haven't I? You'll learn the rest when your inquiry arrives satisfactorily-the week after doomsday, I suppose. But I can't drive myself distracted with your infernal legal delays. What I came in here for was

And as the pair walked briskly away, Mr. Helpham shrugged his shoulders, as

sleep in the adjoining room," she said. carry on that work over there, at the rate of,

mocking, she closed the door. Mrs. Neames had indicated. It enclosed a

the writing the peculiarities he had noted

work had once lived in that very room,

hand, and held it to the light. It was a rough, crayon sketch of a charm-

tense interest, his absorbing thought.

abide in safety his scrutiny, was true. Who, then, had been this young girl for whom Mrs. Neames, despite brus ue manner and unjust treatment, must have

And who was it who had tracked out her refuge, penetrated her disguise and mur-

Upon the first two questions depended the solution of the third, and their answers The day waned, the evening advanced

into the library.

from her face by tears. Cronkite called aloud, banged the door

Her Caller at the Same

The papers said that the thief had taken

\$8,000 worth of Mrs. Takeachane's dia-

monds. Well, my dear, I certainly thought

I should expire when I read that. If Mrs.

Takeachance ever saw \$8,000 worth of dia-

monds all at the same time she'd get the

She had a few ordinary diamond rings,

just like anybody else's, and a pair of old

fashioned diamond earrings, mounted like

seen the pretentious thing shrivel, 'deed I

"If she was robbed at all, the robber cer-

ket and betting on the horses, unbeknownst

to her husband, and I'd just be willing to

bet anything that she got into a tight fix

that way and couldn't get out any other

way, and that she pawned or sold the few

real stones she had, and then fixed up that

fairy tale about the flat being robbed, just

"I told my husband what I thought, and

man! My dear, you really don't know

what I suffer at James's hands lately.

He's becoming perfectly intoferable, and

creature that I so much as open my mouth

about, until I'm all but distracted. I

wouldn't mind it so much if James wasn't

"Oh, talking about stingy folks, I knew I

had something to tell you! I always knew

floor flat across the court were almost mean

lawsy me! I never expected to hear what

"My dear, you may believe it or not, but

the janitor's wife told me that she caught

Mrs. Buyahome yesterday evening in the act of cutting Buyahome's hair! Did you

ever hear of anything so perfectly ridiculous

"The janitor's wife walked into the Buya-

homes' flat without ringing-the Buya-

homes are too mean to keep a maid for any

ength of time, you know, and so the jani

most of the time-and as she passed the

in a chair near the window with a towe

around his neck, and Mrs. Buyahome hover-

"I was telling James about it before

went to the office this morning, but of

course he had some kind of a pat defence

'My dear, you will never know in this

world what I suffer. Actually there are

times when James seems to delight in

ing about shoes. I knew that there was some-

thing else I had to tell you. You remember

how that flighty, giggly Mrs. Keenclip,

in the flat below us, always brags about

what a small foot she has, and how she

is always sticking her feet out from beneath

her skirt when the men are around, so that

they'll remark about her feet, and how she

is always claiming that she has to get her

shoes made to order because they don't

have ready made shoes small enough to

on Sixth avenue yesterday afternoon to

price some slippers I saw in the window,

and who should I see sitting there getting a pair of buttoned shoes fitted on but that

"These are \$3.50,' I heard the clerk say

She tried her best to keep her face

turned sort of sideways so that I wouldn't

see her, but I wasn't going to let her get out

of it so easily, 'deed I wasn't, and so I sat

down right beside of her, and you should

have seen the different colors of red she

took on under her enamel! She tried to

tell me that she was only trying to find a

pair of rough walking boots for long

rambles out into the country when the fine

cold weather sets in; but I saw the clerk

"I think if she could have shot me then

for her, and she strode out, trembling all

over, without buying so much as a pair

"I guess the next time Mrs. Keenclip

comes in here to play euchre she won't

be sticking her feet out all over the place

so that the men folks'll be gazing at 'em.

If she does just as sure as you live and

breathe I'm going to say something about

readymade shoes, and I guess that'll fix

her, the conceited creature. It's just

enough to make a stuffed image rear up

"Oh, I'm glad I mentioned images, for it

reminds me that that pasty faced Wanta-

think woman, in the court flat on the fourth

floor, is behaving in a perfectly scandalous

way around here, and I, for one, think she

ought to be notified to move. What do

mother of children and the widow of a

Christian husband! She is studying Budd-

as its adherents could be so very bad. But

even at defending pagans!

look queerly at her when she said that.

and, my, how I did enjoy it!

the shoe you've been wearing.

of shoestrings.

and laugh at--

to her as he showed her a pair of shoes-

ways had her shoes made to order!

and after all of her bragging that she al-

braggy Mrs. Keenclip.

all ready, as he always has lately.

ing over him with the shears!

treating me like an old shoe-

in all your life?

so stingy in defending me when he---

palsy, she'd be so excited.

Time.

women attended those palmistry and as-TALKS OF SHAMS trology classes in the cerise room of the Gumdrop-Hooroaria! The idea of comparing astrology with such a nasty thing as Buddhism, anyhow! I declare, it's enough to streak a woman's hair with white

"Oh, talking about hair, you know that frumpy old Keepbright woman, that creaks as she walks, she's so dried up-the one that fives on the right side ground floor flat and thinks she knows how to talk French and pencils her eyebrows until they look like

told my husband how handsome he thought her-but I don't really believe that your although of course one can never tell about these men; they all will bear watching, no matter how goody goody they may seem

"Well, that old freak, Mrs. Keepbright, has been touching and touching and touchuntil now it's absolutely the color of that red burlap on my dining room walls. And, atop of all of that horribly funny flame on her head, would you believe it, she goes right on pencilling her eyebrows a dead jet black, until she is a perfect howling sight

it is. Oh, it's a streak, and it seems to be running from the eyebrow.

[Mrs. Rubberino alone.]

"Well, I got in a few good shots, anyhow,

-Two Strange Islands. Even in Killarney you cannot get wholly

Negotiations have been going on between himself and his tenants-the tenants negoto make the deal, and the difference between

Chancellor in regard to appointments to

water, intends when reinstated to sell his farm at once. There is no doubt he will net a handsome profit.

In the Kenmare River there are two islands that must be unique in these latitudes. One of them is owned by Lord

or Algeria For, thanks to the Gulf Stream, these

do better, I am told, in these islands than in their own homes.

To pass from the bleak mainland into this growth of hothouse vegetation is to travel 2,000 miles due south in ten or fifteen minutes. Lord Lansdowne, who owns an estate part bleak hard lansdowne, who owns an estate part bleak hard lansdowne, who owns an estate part bleak hard lansdowne, who own more of it

This big smokestack is excelled by at least two in Scotland-the St. Rollox chimney in Glasgow is 445 feet and the Townsend chimney in the same city is 468 feet high. But the steeplejacks make no more of climb-

give the hoot to the snow sifting down on me an you trudging by outside on our way to the beanery, and then they could get suddenly bored and take the Palm Limited and slide down to Florida and watch the tarpon and red snappers and pompano jump out of the water, and poke their golollof balls through the chinks in ruined old Spanish prayer houses, and—

"The drawing room of the last car on the Palm Limited—that's mine! If I was there with their bank wads and hankered to hunt I'd get it out of my system by buying a pope-

day week!

"I'm not looking for anybody to ever tip-"
toe along and hand me anything except a
quince with a lot of old blowholes in it. But
if I was there with the orange tinted papes
like most of these Mister boys that're always
looking around for some kind of a new vay
to lose a wing or drop an eye or to get their
conks dented up like a corrugated zinc roof.
I guess maybe I wouldn't be Little-JackieNear-There in giving 'em an imitation of
somebody flagging trouble and getting a
real loll out of his kale."

TOMMY ATKINS AND THE BABA. Baba Was Going to England, So Tommy Let Him Smoke

Baba Bharati is one of the religious gentlemen who have been descending from India upon this benighted land since Swami Vivekhananda led the procession more than ten years ago. The Baba is a picturesque, if somewhat greasy, figure in the American picture,

He makes somewhat painful attempts to lecture upon "The Real Real Life" and similar subjects. Just now the Baba is publishing in These Light of India the story of his coming to America via England. The present instalment relates in a very un-Mahatman fashion the Baba's surprising disturbance when a British soldier interfered with his having a

It was in a railway carriage; and the Baba, by way of traveling equipment, had only a bamboo staff, a drinking bowl and a sacred Tulsi rosary.

"Nor did I want anything," he says, "ex-

cept a smoke. A smoke would have been

more acceptable than a Mogul's millions. "A sympathetic soul was my friend. He was preparing the chilum before I had said word. He put treacled tobacco in the little clay bowl and some charcoal fire "But my other friend drew my attention

to an English soldier at the other end of the carriage and hinted that there was danger, in the air. My hankering for a smoke got the better of me, however, especially as the aroma of the tobacco had enslaved my senses."
[The Baha should read from his own;
lectures. For instance: "The mind enjoys, not the senses; the mind tastes, not
the senses."]

The hankering Baba was reaching covetous hand for the pipe when the sol dier shouted: dier shouted:

"Away with that chilum!"

The Baba confesses that he had no shoes on but says he trembled in his puggree and puttoo overall.

"No use," whispered the Baba's friend.

"What's the advantage then in travelling; with you?" demanded the Baba, also in a whisper. "You, a B. A. and Postmaster-General of Lucknow?"
"But," whispered the B. A. and P. G. "But," whispered the B. A. and P. G.1
"you forget that Tommy Atkins is the realViceroy of India."
"Then in a flash," says the Baba in his at of the incident.

account of the incident, "I remembered that Tommy is greater than Lord Curzon or a mogul. I remembered that Tommy can shoot down a native Indian—disarmed for the last fifty years—and get off scot. free, after passing through the funniest mock trials the world has known.

"Tommy is feared by his employers, from the Viceroy downward, lest he should mutiny and spoil the spoliation of the best cannon held country in the world; and Tommy cannot be punished, because no jury, composed mostly of his countrymen, would convict him. Tommy, with his full loaded gun and absolute privilege of discharging its contents into any wholly marmed Indian body, is more feared by the native than the most venomous cobra as

"But sad as was this thought to measadder still was my lot just then of being deprived of my first morning smoke. I looked a picture of despair.

"Baba,' said Mr. Chatterjee, laughing; 'you must look to your spiritual powers, if you possess any—some sort of will force to induce that redcoat to allow you to smoke.'

smoke.'
"Aha! That was an inspiration! That mild jest brought back my truant wits.
Glory to Gooroo!' exclaimed I mentally and, stooping, whispered the magic words.
"He smiled, looked comprehension into my even and addressing the Eurasian.

"He smiled, looked comprehension into my eyes, and, addressing the Eurasian (half-caste) gentleman, who was smoking himself and seemed annoyed with Tommy's interfering with our smoke, said:

"This Baba requests me to ask you if he can smoke the hookah in England."

"What! This man going to England! Impossible! "exclaimed Tommy with indignant disbelief.

"And why not, my friend," exclaimed the old man to him. He's a Baba, you see, a sort of reverend father as we have in the Catholic Church. He has some correligionists who are sending him to England. He has money enough, I daresay."

"Tommy's astonishment was unspeake, able.

"Then the hard features of his face re-laxed, his eyes softened into an expression of tenderness and regret. They spoke more than his tongue could speak. "From a native, fit, perhaps, according to his brute ideas, only to be shot down, I had in an instant become to him a demi-god. I was on my way to England—to the Old Country, to his home! "A sad smile flitted across his face, Tommy was human. As he was thus eyeing me with a homage, I snatched the hubble-bubble and smoked!

bubble and smoked!
"Seven short pulls, seven again long, and The very short pulls, seven again long, and then three pulls together impressed me with the soothing charms of tobacco as it had never done before. It even inspired sympathy in me for Tommy, who was looking at the little curling clouds of my smoke with a philosophic calmness which almost appeared admiration."

The Honor of Thieves.

From the London Evening Standard.

A merry fancy distinguished the theft of Parisian robbers who sacked a house in the Rue de la. Chapelle in the spring. "Your clock has stopped chiming; we will take it to the watchmaker," ran the note which they left behind them. "For fear you should be robbed, we are removing your jewels." be robbed, we are removing your jewels."

It could only have been coincidence which brought thieves to the vestry of Mortlake congregational Church last May to steal the overcoat of the pastor while he was in the pulpit preaching from the text "Lay not up for yourselves treasure upon the earth, where rust and moth doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal." Some thieves have a sense of fitness.

A fight with brigands in Chalcidis a year or two ago resulted in the death of a soldier. The brigands sent £500 to his widow. Bushrangers who held up Sir Arthur Hodgson discovered later the identity of their victim. They returned his horse to its paddock, with his wallet tied about its neck and his money and watch inside. Even the Chinese pirates have some honor, one or our consuls reports, and will pay for the hire of vessels which they have commandeered for their expeditions.